Darling, Tell Me Yes.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

One little moment more, Maud,
One little moment more;
I have a word to speak, Maud,
I never breathed before.
What can it be but love, Maud?
And do I rightly guess,
'Tis pleasant to your ear, Maud?
O, darling, tell me yes.

The burden of my heart, Maud,
There's little need to tell;
There's little need to say, Maud,
I've loved you long and well.
There's language in a sigh, Maud,
One's meaning to express;
And yours—was it for me, Maud?
O, darling, tell me yes.

My eyes have told my love, Maud,
And on my burning cheek
You've read the tender thought, Maud,
My lips refused to speak.
I gave you all my heart, Maud,
'Tis needless to confess;
And did you give me yours, Maud?
O, darling, tell me yes.

'Tis sad to starve a love, Maud,
So worshipful and true;
I know a little cot, Maud,
Just large enough for two;
And you will be my wife, Maud,
So you may ever bless,
Through all your sunny life, Maud,
The day you answered yes.

"We shall eat the Fruit."

A blacksmith had in his possession, but under mortgage, a house and piece of land. Like many others, he was one time fond of the social glass, but was happily induced by a friend to join the temperance society. About three months after he observed his wife one morning busily employed planting rose bushes and fruit trees.

"Mary," said he, "I have owned this cot for five years, and yet I have never known you before to improve and ornament it in this manner."

"Indeed," replied the smiling wife, "I had no heart to do it until you gave up the drink. I had often thought of it before, but I was persuaded that, should I do it, some strangers would pluck the roses and eat the fruit. Now, with God's blessing, this cot will be ours, and we and our children may expect to enjoy the produce. We shall pluck the roses and eat the fruit."

☞ To what city in Europe is a man going when he gets married?

Answer by happy pair: He's going to Louvain.

Young lady: Oh! its Nice.
Old maid: It's Hamburg.
Solid Dutchman: Bologna.
Impudent fellow: To Brest.
Bridget: To Dublin, sure.
Practical parent: He's going to Havre.
Sparkling old bachelor: He's going to Rouen.

A GOOD NURSERYMAN.—At a Denver dinner party, the other day, where Salt Lake peaches and grapes form prominent articles of the dessert, the conversation naturally turned upon the fruits of that region. Various opinions were expressed, and finally one to the effect that Brigham Young was the best fruit gardner in the United States. A lady responded: "He certainly ought to be, since, from all accounts, he has the most extensive nursery in the world."

—What is the difference between the desert of Sahara and an ancient shoe?—One is all sand, and the other is a sand-al.

—The editor of a newspaper says that he never dotted an "i" but once in his life, and that was in a fight with a cotemporary.

—A paper asks very innocently if it is any harm to sit in the *lapse* of ages. Another replies that it all depends on the kind of *oyes* selected. Those from 18 to 25 it puts down as extra hazardous.

—An exchange tells us of an editor who went soldiering and was chosen captain. One day at parade, instead of giving the orders, "front face three paces forward, he exclaimed: "Cash, two dollars in advance."

—"If," says a French Chesterfield, "you want to be in the latest fashion, hold your fork in your left hand. If you don't care a d-doit about fashion, it should be left in the right hand."

—The gamekeeper at St. Cloud has taught a parrot to fly across the Emperors path when out shooting, and jabber out "Vive l'Emperenr!" in his flight. The Emperor is much pleased at this act of devotion.

—Josh Billings says there is nothing more touching in this life than to see a poor, but virtuous young man struggling with a moustache.